

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 816

## FATHER NICHOLAS.

A TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

IN this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year; when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion, my anxiety was such as a husband, who doats upon his wife, may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbors applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was such, that nobody, who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented; and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I shall not live," she would say, "to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my Love, could not speak."—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind; and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faltering and weak, "Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this subject of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit; mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thulleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delas-

He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broke off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town; but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth he was of all men one whom I was most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarized to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than reported. After a variety of enquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of a rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than either of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the Colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of her's, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favor than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation; in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me; and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humor. Madame de Trenville, (that was the widow's name) smiling to the Colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house; and said, with an equal air of modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honor of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favorable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what is used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks; and I covered my mind but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety; and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the Colonel, threw in a little railleury on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and sat later than formerly, but I was to show myself not afraid of my wife and objected to neither. I lost considerably and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were no high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct; and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as he went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the country will re-establish her," said I. "Do you leave Paris?" said he.—"In a few days."—"Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have?" What motives?—"The attachment of such friends but friendship is a cold word: the attachment of such a woman as de Trenville." I know not how I looked; but he pressed the subject no further: perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual: and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me, as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the reference that was shewn me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and

to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was entrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Deslasserre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed; but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

### OPPRESSION.

THERE is a story related in the adventures of a Guinea, of a poor man who being constrained by hunger to kill a deer in the forest of a German Prince, and being caught in the fact, was condemned by the tyrant to be tied on the back of one of those animals, which was let loose in the forest; at the same time it was prohibited on pain of death, to give him the least help or assistance.

Though this story participates in the height of colouring, which distinguishes the whole work, yet the ground of it may possibly be very true; and to support this supposition, we shall give an anecdote of a similar cast, the authority of which may be relied on.

At a village called Gunterslurm, situated on the upper Rhine, in the county of Leiningen, a poor peasant was apprehended by the officers of the country in the act of taking salmon. This man was an excellent diver, and made a practice of taking them with his hands only. His sentence was to be confined for life in the castle of Harleburgh, the ancient residence of the house of Leingen, who styled themselves, "Counts by the Grace of God."

The keeper of this Bastile, being allowed the work his prisoner's could do for the bread and water which he was obliged to find them, he set this peasant to different labor's, but found in the long-run, he was good at nothing but fish-catching. It was determined to take advantage of this talent; the wretch was led regularly to the river, where a chain with a great log to it, being detached from his foot, he was to dive 'till he had caught the supply of fish wanted for the Count's table: after which his leg resumed its ornament, and he was conducted back again to the castle.

Thus did this human being, more resembling in his way of life, and in his treatment, "a tame cat," than a man, continue to subsist till a few years ago; the faculties of his mind sunk down by degrees, into that species of instinct, which brutes have in pursuit of their prey; this was the only instance of sagacity he preserved, and which had not his form betrayed him, might have made him pass like Lazarillo de la Tormes, for a new and curious animal of the amphibious kind.

### ANECDOTE.

WHEN, in the year 1746, the Duke of Cumberland returned to Scotland, he left two or three officers, &c. in the Highlands, to watch for a few days the motions of the defeated party. This was not a very pleasant service, and one of them, thoroughly sick of the bleak inhospitable time, looking out of the window of his chamber, saw a number of ravens cawing in the field before the house, "Caw! caw! caw! the devil caw your fools head," cried he, "that you should stay in this wooden country, when you have wings to fly out of it."

### For the New-York Weekly Museum.

The following verses, wrote by Mr. Freneau, are subjoined to a short and accurate account of the West-Indies.

THESE India isles, so green and gay,  
In summer seas by nature plac'd—  
And scarcely told us where they lay  
Till growing their charms defac'd,  
Ambition there the conquests made,  
And w'rice rifled every shade.

The Genius wept his sons to see  
By foreign arms untimely fall,  
And some to other climates flee.  
Where later ruin met them all—  
He saw his sylvan offspring bleed  
That fiercer natures might succeed.

No more to India coasts confin'd,  
Aw'd by some proud victorious chief,  
While he to tears his heart resign'd,  
With pain he saw the falling leaf;  
And thus (he cry'd) our reign must end,  
We, like the leaves, must now descend.

Ah, what a change! the ambient deep  
No longer hears the lovers sigh—  
But wretches meet to wail and weep  
The loss of their dear liberty—  
Unfeeling hearts possess these Isles,  
Man frowns, and only nature smiles.

Proud of these vast extended shores  
The haughty Spaniard calls his own,  
No other world may share those stores  
To other worlds so little known—  
His Cuba shall this truth confess,  
Where slavery digs what slaves possess.

Jamaica's sweet romantic vales  
In vain with golden plenty teem;  
Her endless spring, her balmy gales  
Did more to me than magic seem—  
Yet, what the God profusely gave  
Is here denied the toiling slave.

Fantastic joy and fond relief  
Through life support the galling chain,  
Hope's airy scenes and dishearten grief  
And bring his native climes again—  
His native groves his heav'n display,  
The funeral is the happy day.—

For man reduc'd to such disgrace  
In vain from Jove fair virtue fell—  
Distress compels him to be base,  
He has no motive to excel—  
In death alone his prospects end,  
The world's worst foe is his best friend!

How great their praise, let truth declare,  
Who, smit with honor's sacred flame,  
Bade freedom to these coasts repair,  
Assum'd the slave's neglected claim,  
And scorning interest's sordid plan  
Prov'd to mankind the rights of man.

Ascending here, may this warm sun  
With freedom's beams, divinely clear,  
Throughout the world his circuit run,  
'Till these dark scenes shall disappear,  
And a new race, not bought or sold,  
Springs from the ashes of the old.

### TO BELINDA.

NO longer the Rose-bud may boast  
Of its beauties besprinkled with dew—  
The pride of the valley is lost,  
And nature has found it in you.

### ANECDOTE.

A widow who had been taught by the declaration of her deceased husband to believe that he would make a will much in her favor, after his death found upon opening his testament that he had acted very differently, and excluded her from the property she expected to possess. She made known her disappointment to her female servant, who cheered her spirits by assuring her that the effect of the will might be avoided and a new one easily framed. The mistress desired to know by what means? The maid answered that there was a poor fellow named Tom the Barber in the neighborhood who much resembled her late master and that for a small sum he would feign himself a dying man. If therefore an attorney was provided and proper witnesses, a will subsequent to the date of the true one, which consequently would supercede it, might easily be made.

Tom was sent for accordingly, and agreed to play his part. The parties were summoned, the attorney attended, and the supposed expiring husband dictated his last testament to be framed according to his wishes and interests of his imaginary wife for some time; but at length he proposed, that as he had till then complied with her desires, he might leave one legacy according to his own, which was, "five hundred pounds to Tom the Barber," and to prevent a discovery of the fraud, the lady was obliged to consent to the proposal, and faithfully to pay the money to the proposer in order to insure his secrecy.

### A THIEF EXECUTED FOR STEALING HIS OWN GOODS.

IN the reign of David Bruce, king of Scotland a law was made, that all implements of husbandry left without doors, and stolen should be made good by the sheriff of the county, who was enjoined either to cause the same goods to be restored, or pay for them out of his own purse. Diligent watch was of course kept by the sheriff, and such crimes in a great measure prevented. A fellow much inclined to pilfering, finding it thus difficult to steal his neighbor's goods, betought himself of making free with his own. He accordingly stole and secreted his own plough, and claimed the value of the sheriff. Strict search being made, the fact was discovered, the fellow convicted and executed accordingly.

### FIGG, THE PRIZE FIGHTER.

CHETWOOD in his history of the stage, says that Figg told him, that though he had not bought a shirt for more than twenty years, he had sold some dozens. It was his method when he fought in his amphitheatre, to send round to a select number of his scholars to borrow a shirt for the ensuing combat,—this usually produced him six or eight of superfine Holland from his prime pupils. He was generally the conqueror, though his shirt, and sometimes his skin, was hacked in the encounters; his scholars were at every battle, and sure to exult at their great master's victories, each of them supposing his shirt shared in the honor, which the hero usually confirmed by a letter informing each, that slashed as his shirt was, he would send it home,—but said the ingenious and courageous Figg,—"I seldom received any other answer," than—"D—n you keep it."

JIMME THOMPSON being asked what wine he preferred for his own drinking replied, "that of other people."



For the NEW YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.  
SONNET TO MUSIC.

MUSIC, thou sweet composer of the soul,  
When all thy powers in strains harmonious roll;  
Thou mak'st the mind transportedly to rise,  
And giv'st the soul a view of heav'nly joys.  
When'er the mind sunk down with heavy woes,  
And weary life seems nearly at its close;  
Thy pleasing sounds, can sweet relief impart,  
And kindle raptures in each grief-worn heart.  
When over-whelm'd with sorrow, and dismay,  
The bitter pangs of grief, thou dost allay;  
Thy pleasing notes, dispels the dark despair  
From each sad heart, and seats contentment there.  
'Tis thine sweet power, to calm the troubled breast,  
Relieve the pain, and lull the soul to rest.

J\*\*\*\*.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Inspector reports, are, Adults 24—Children 43—Total 67.

Wednesday morning, the french frigates *Didon* and *Sybele* got under way, and as was supposed proceeded to sea;—they went half way to the Hook, put about, and came to anchor again in *Gravesend Bay*, just below the Narrows, but on Thursday they returned to port, and anchored in their former station opposite Governor's Island. The object of the Frenchmen's expedition to *Gravesend Bay*, was said to be merely to exercise their men, and that their intention was not to put to sea, at present.

Several passengers in a New-Brunswick Packet repors, that a heavy firing was heard yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock, which came from two vessels engaged about five leagues S. E. from Sandy-Hook. They could plainly discern the volume of smoke which arose, but the hull of the vessels were not to be seen. The engagement, they say lasted about 20 minutes, and that they counted about 100 guns that were fired. The british ships *Leander* and *Cambrian*, were then at anchor at the Hook.

The ship *Actress*, belonging to J. & W. Wood, of this city, which sailed from this port on Monday for Cadiz, was boarded off Sandy Hook by the *Cambrian* british frigate, and had two seamen pressed, viz. Thomas Williams, of this city, and James Murrall, of Connecticut, both with protections. The *Actress* in consequence of this impressment was obliged to return into port, to procure other seamen before she could proceed to sea; and having procured them, Tuesday proceeded on her voyage.

The black who was pressed on board the *Cambrian* from the ship *Merchant*, Lord, arrived here on Tuesday, was released, and sent up to town on Wednesday—together with several other impressed seamen, who had procured men in their places.

On the 28th of April last, the brig *Richard*, of and for Norfolk, sailed from Tobago to touch at Curacao, but that place being blackaded by the English, was not permitted to enter; therefore continued her voyage to Norfolk, and stretched over for Mona passage, but could not fetch it, and bore up for the windward passage, and on the 12th of May fell in with and was taken by a privateer schooner of 2 guns and 70 men, under French colors, who after plundering the brig of what was useful for the schr. took all hands but myself and boy, on board

the privateer, and put a prize master, an Indian and four Negroes on board the brig, and ordered them for St. Domingo. The prize master said that they had massacred the crews of three ships on the coast of Hispaniola in consequence of their being armed and attempting to defend themselves; (and who they were we could not learn) and had positive orders to put every man to the sword that attempted to force a trade with the Brigands. These rovers crossed the Caribbean Sea, and coasted the main until the 4th June, when they concluded to go into Curacao; but while attempting to make a harbor under the cover of the guns of a small fort at the west end of that island, the British frigate *La Franchise* came up, and opened a heavy fire on the brig and the fort, which was returned from the latter, and a brisk fire kept up for about half an hour, when that from the frigate became too hot for the fort, and most of the garrison quitted their quarters. The prize master finding the brig must be taken or run on shore, chose the latter, and the people made their escape in the small boat. During this time the prize master and one negro were wounded, supposed mortally, and the brig's hull and rigging considerably damaged by shot. The brig lay on shore for about half an hour, and backed off when the frigate sent her boat and took possession, manned and sent her to Jamaica for salvage, where she arrived on the 9th of June in a very leaky condition. I have the pleasure of informing that my people were put on shore at Sautega, all well, and there obtained passage to America.

BENJAMIN JACOBS.

N. B. I afterwards learnt that the prize master died of his wound.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27.

The ship *Hannah*, Yardsley, was struck by lightning while lying in the Delaware, near the Lazaretto, by which her foremast and maintopmast were shivered to pieces. The ship *Brothers*, laying at Wilmington, was also struck, and sustained some damage. Fortunately, the people on board were uninjured.

Extract of a letter from Liverpool, dated June 24.

"The tragedy of the *Revenge* was performed here last night. The character of *Alonzo* was sustained by Mr. Barrymore, and *Zanga* by Mr. Cooper. In the last scene of the play, where *Alonzo* stabs himself with the dagger which he had previously wrested from *Zanga*, poor Barrymore realized the scene. It was a real African dagger, a favorite of Mr. Cooper, and the same which he always uses in acting *Zanga*. Mr. Barrymore not aware of this, struck himself violently with this dreadful weapon, and instantly fell upon the stage: he called softly for help, saying, "I am wounded, 'tis a real dagger," for a few moments the performers stood motionless from terror. At length some cried out,—"Drop the curtain," and an alarm was excited. Some ran from the house, others flew to the stage to gratify their curiosity: and among these were two medical gentlemen who gave their assistance. Upon examining they found that the dagger had taken a slanting direction across the lower ribs, which it passed over, and lodged in his belly, in which it inflicted a wound of about an inch. He lost a great deal of blood: it flowed over the stage.—The wound was dressed upon the stage, after which he was carried home faint with the loss of blood. This morning I called at his lodgings, in company with a gentleman of the theatre, but the surgeons had ordered that no one should be permitted to see him. We are told he is not considered in danger."

COURT OF HYMEN.

How sweet the commerce of delight,  
That sympathetic spirits move;  
How sweet the mystic ties unite,  
Youth's mutual breast in magic Love.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Doctor McKnight, Mr. Burrell Brown, merchant, to Miss T. Holden, daughter of Abel Holden, all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Doctor Cooper, Mr. Peter Guifford, to Miss Elizabeth Morgan, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. John Wade, druggist, to Miss Phoebe Riker, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

Happy the change, to leave a world of woe,  
To join in songs, which ne'er cessation know;  
"Glory to God," resounds the heavenly train,  
While Saints and Angels shout a long Amen.

DIED

On Wednesday last, after a short illness, much regretted, Mrs. NEWBY, wife of Mr. Robert Newby of the house of Joshua Waddington & Co and daughter of Mr. James Stuart, merchant of this city.

At Charleston, Mr ABRAHAM WILKINSON, aged 21 years.

Same place, EDWARD WHITLOCK, aged 14, son of Mr. Whitlock comedian.

At Charleston, S. C. after an illness of 8 days, the Rev. NICHOLAS WATERS, aged 65, having been minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 30 years.

Same place, after a short illness, Mr. JOHN PREESLY aged 22 years.

At Savannah, on the 31 inst. in the 19th year of his age, JAMES WALLACE, jun. son of the Hon. Michael Wallace, one of his Majesty's Council for the Province of Nova Scotia.

At Montreal, SIMON TRAVISH, Esq. Principal of the North West Company.

At New-burgh, in this state, suddenly, Mr. RICHARD PATTERSON.

Same place, Mr. ANTHONY M'MURDY, native of Ireland.

Published and for sale at this office, the interesting

NOVEL  
of the

RIGID FATHER;

OR,

PATERNAL AUTHORITY TOO STRICTLY ENFORCED,  
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

[Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.]

Price 75 cents.

LIKEWISE THE ELEGANT NOVEL,  
CALLED,  
WHAT HAS BEEN.

GRANT THORBURN.

No. 22 NASSAU STREET,

HASTENS to inform his female customers on Long Island, and in the City of New-York; that the famous SCOTCH MILK PANS, for which there has been such frequent demands, have at last arrived.

He has received by the arrival of the *George*, from Greenock, 12 Cases; as they were put up under the particular direction of a friend of his at the *Milkery*, he has no hesitation in saying, they are the most complete assortment ever offered for sale in this country.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE CHILD OF SORROW'S TALE.

DENY but do not taunt a maid,  
Who never scorn with scorn replies;  
Proud man, though now I ask your aid,  
Mine, alas! were happier days.

But sorrow mark me for her own  
Before I told my twentieth year—  
Yet when my friends began to frown,  
I but reproach'd them with—A TEAR.

I ne'er could frame the harsh reply,  
The look unkind by feeling fear'd;  
E'en when I met disdain's cold eyes,  
E'en when I cruel language heard.

I've seen my friend, my earliest friend,  
Refuse my tale of woe to hear;  
Yet still unwilling to offend,  
All my remembrance was—A TEAR.

And I have known the slanderer's tongue  
My fame with vile dishonor taint,  
Yet on my lips no curses hung,  
The mournful mind was my complaint.

And I was forc'd by cruel pow'r  
To leave the scenes I held most dear;  
O! 'twas indeed a trying hour!  
Yet all my language was—A TEAR.

And I have known the youth I lov'd  
Retract the vows he swore to me;  
Behold my pallid cheek, unmov'd,  
And smiling boast that he was free.

Yet I was calm—and (hour of dread!)  
I saw him woo a maid more dear;  
But I was mute, I only shed—  
No—no—I could not shed—A TEAR.

Ah! full was then my cup of grief—  
Friend's, fortune, lover, fame,—all lost—  
A beggar, now I ask relief,  
A small, a trying boon at most.

Still can you chide me from the door?  
Ah, no!—your looks compassion wear—  
So large a gift!—Oh!—words were poor—  
I think, I bless you, in—A TEAR.

## ANECDOTE.

GEORGE FENNELL, (an honest Hibernian,) hearing that his mother was married again, said, in great perturbation, "I hope she won't have a son older than me; for, by J—s, if she has I shall be cut out of the estate."

## LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 136 William-street, and by G. Camp No. 143 Pearl-street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the best quality. Dec. 17. 18.

## MORALIST.

### FORTITUDE.

PERILS, misfortunes, want, pain and injury, are more or less the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labor, heat, hunger, and thirst, thro' deserts of sand, and fainteth not, so the fortitude of man shall sustain him thro' all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea shore he standeth firm, and the dashing of waves don't disturb him.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and fortune's arrows drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life like a man that goeth out to battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight, and his constancy shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger, he is embarrassed and confounded: in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

## Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He has ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 5 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delicious sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane August 25. 1804. 8 1/2 ff.

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Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns, Shingles, Scorbute and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Prickly Heat, Redness of the Nose Neck Arms, &c.

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THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash—Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has been administered to many thousands in the United States and W. Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A small bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value.

Price 75 cents.

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SMITH's improved chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, sores, &c.; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving,—with printed directions,—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

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His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do. Violet, double cented, 1s. 6d.

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Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatum 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s.

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